Half-asleep, and murmuring faintly
"If I should die before I wake,"
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh! the rapture, sweet, unbroken, Of the soul who wrote that prayer! Children's myriad voices floating Up to Heaven, record it there.

If of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the Throne Divine!

While the muffled bells were ringing, "Earth to earth and dust to dust," My free soul, or Faith depending, Faith and Love, and perfect trust—

Would approach Him humbly praying, (All the little ones around) Jesus, Saviour, take thy servant! Give to her Thy children's crown."

# MOLLIE BROWN Story of Two Star-Crossed Lovers

Two girls, in a large, pleasant cham-ber, quaint and old-fashioned as to furni-tute, but cheerful with sanbeams that ture, but cheerful with sanbeams that pierce through every loop-hole in the deuse maple boughs before the windows, and dance in fantastic, shifting shapes all over the floor. One is before the looking-glass, wrapt in the mysterious, the solemn rites of the tollet. The other, on the bed, in dressing-sack undress, jet dark hair flowing loosely over the pillow in charming disarray, is reading a newspaper. Presently she says, "What do you think of this, Mollie?"

"'If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our back could feel the load, Would we waste the day in wisking
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?
If we knew—"

"Now, Elinor, please don't inflict any more of that doleful strain on me! It's enough to give one the blues, if they be-lieve in it, but I don't."

"Believe in what?"
"Why, the heartache and all that, why, the heartache and all think it's all sentimental nonsense. And I can't endure being forever twitted, as it were, about the future. Some people are always putting a damper on your spirits, like aunt Olive, with her, 'Well, enjoy yourself while you can, Mollie; you're eating your best gingerbread now!' And then she shakes her head and sighs, as if she wondered how I could be cheerful, with fearful calamities impending over my unlucky head, as she plainly foresees. For my part, I fully expect to be always just as happy as I am now."
"But are now has trouble sewetime."

"But every one has trouble sometime," said Elinor, who was twenty-two, and had had experiences.

had experiences.

"Oh some people do, I know, but I don't lest as if I ever should, that is, anything serious. Pm not afraid of the future. I believe it will be vastly more splendid and delightful than this humdrum, every-day kind of life I'm living now. But don't let us prose any more now. I want to give my whole mind to my back hair, which I will admit is a trial."

So silence wiened backets.

So silence reigned, broken only by an occasional rustle of Elinor's paper, or a sigh of impatience from Mollie at the obduracy of the back hair, which would be one-sided and contrary. Finally, this great undertaking was brought to a satisfactory close. An intent scrutiny of the head-mirror revealed no fault. head-mirror revealed no fault.

"Now, Elinor, which would you wear, pink or blue ribbons?"

"Blue, by all means. Blue is your color. Dick will like the blue best, I

ow."
"Dick!" said Miss Mollie, tossing her head expressively, "as if his opinion made any difference!"
"It will, when you are Mrs. Dick."

"It's very vexatious in you, Elinor, to talk to me about Dick in that way."
"But it is so obvious, Mollie."
"No, it isn't. Dick and I have always

"No, it isn't. Dick and I have always been good friends, ever since he used to draw me to school on his sled, years ago. You know I have no brother, and his sister Roxy is so much older than he, and we live so near each other, we naturally go together everywhere. I think everything of Dick—as a brother. I always feel so comfortable and at home with him, and he would do anything for me, I know. But he is the last person I should know. But he is the last person I should ever think of marrylog. He is not my ideal at all."

"Oh, the wisdom of eighteen !" laughed Elinor, from the heights of superior age and experience. "Pray, what is your

"He must be tall"-"So is Dick," interrupted Elinor.
"With black, waving hair," continued Mollie aublimely unconscious of Elinor's suggestion, "and splendid flashing black eyes, and a moustache, and a haughty, scornful air."

Poor Dick, with his red hair, hones freekled face, and big hands; this was evidently not he! "Wealthy, I pre-

"Why, yes, though that is not as essential as that he should be very talented, and popular, and eminent. I should like him to go to Congress, and do something great and glorious. But, dear me, it's half-past ten, the time Dick promised to be here. Now, how do I look, Elinor?

be here. Now, how do I look, Elinor? Take a critical survey."

Elinor looked smilingly at the slender figure in the white dress and blue ribbons, on the bright eager face, the eyes full of "restless, yet confident longing," the round young cheeks as yet unfurrowed by a single bitter tear, the brown hair in which a chance sunbeam flickered as if it loved to linger there. Something brought the tears to Elinor's eyes. It brought the tears to Elinor's eyes. It was hardly a conscious thought, only a sudden rush of tenderness, she hardly sudden rush of tenderness, she hardly knew why, for this ignorant young thing. But being reticent, and indisposed to speak her deeper feelings, she only said, after a moment's pause, "You'll do very well. Handsome is that handsome does. That was the compliment grandma Barnes brought me up on. I'm not given

Barnes brought me up on. I'm not given to flattery, you know."
"How queer and contrary you are to-day, Elinor," said Mollie. "But I suppose it's because you feel so disappointed at losing the picnic. How unlucky you should sprain your ankle yesterday, if all days!"

"I expect to enjoy myself exceedingly, in a quiet way, after you are gone. I am just in the most exciting part of Jane

'And then there's John's last letter, you've only read it six times yet," suggested Mollie.

Elinor blushed.
"Oh, there's Dick! I should know Dandy's step anywhire," and with a bright nod out of the window to the up-gazing Dick, one last peep in the glass, and a husty "good-bye, Elinor," Mollie

nor was building air-castles, in which one John figured prominently. Mollie need have wasted no sympathy on her cousin. Picnics are sometimes failures; air-castles

II. Meantime Mollie, with blue ribbons fluttering in the breeze, was dashing along to the picnic, chattering the veriest nonsense to the admiring Dick, little dreaming that this same picnic was to be one of the turning points of her life, a day to be looked back upon with tears, and pangs of that same heartache to which she had so recklessly thrown down the gauntlet of defiance. So lightly go

we to meet the fates.

To say that Dick was in "love with Mollie," would but feebly express his condition. He regarded her as his own private property. They belonged to each other. It was as natural that they should be together as that May flowers and pine trees should grow in the same soil. By trees should grow in the same soil. By just as much as he was big, and strong, and rather homely and awkward withal, did he admire Mollie's daintiness, and beauty, and careless grace. She supplied what was deficient in his own nature evidently his other half. He looked upon her with adoration, as being al-

"Too good For human nature's daily food."

But Mollie was young. There was no hurry. She was evidently fond of him, and this unconscious half-lover-like, half-friendly confidence between them was too pleasant to be risked on the least. was too pleasant to be risked on the least

was too pleasant to be risked on the least uncertainty.

Ah, Dick, why did no good genius hisper to you, "Gather ye rosebuds while you may!"

But, unfortunately, good genii are not so officious now-a-days as of old. So Dick foolishly squandered his summer and sunshine, with no thoughts of making hay, as the proverb advises.

The latter part of the way to Wampanoose pond was through a grass-grown wood road, so narrow that the trees met over it, and sumac and blackberry bushes brushed against the carriage, peering in as if curious to see these oddities called human beings, who had thus rudely invaded their solitude. Each side opened long, cool, green vistas into the heart of long, cool, green vistas into the heart of the forest. Once they stopped to listen to the far-off, plaintive song of a wood-thrush, without a pang of remembrance for the time when he and love were

for the time when he and love were young, and Mollie was beside him, and it was summer.

Mollie picked green leaves and trimmed Dick's hat. Dick leaned lazily back in the carriage, watching Mollie. The reins hung loosely in his hand. He felt in no special hurry to reach the picnic ground. Dandy, taking advantage of his master's mood, made an object of himself by trotting along with great bunches of leaves ting along with great bunches of leaves hanging out of his mouth, leaves snatched each side from the too inquisitive bushes. Presently they caught glimpse of water through the trees on the left. Then came a turn in the road, an abrupt pitch, and they were on the banks of Wampanoose pond, with two or three picnicers advancing out of the woods to meet

"I wonder who that is with Kitty Cook," said Mollie. "Isn't he hand-

"Ye-es," said Dick, with an instinctive feeling of dislike for the too good-looking stranger, who was gazing at Mollie with obvious admiration. Kitty performed the ceremony of introduction. "My cousin, Mr. Dawless, Miss Brown. Mr. Berley." sin, Mr. Dawless, Miss Brown. Mr. Beman, Mr. Dawless," and Mr. Dawless having bowed profoundly to Miss Brown, carelessly to Mr. Beman, proceeded to appropriate the young lady and walk off with her, leaving Dick to follow with Kitty Cook, as best he might. He improved the opportunity to ascertain that this Mr. Dawless was a member of the junior class at Harvard, come to spend. What we're all comin' to. When I was young, a boy that had a good farm coming to him, was contented to settle down on it, and let well enough alone. But now the young men are all unsettled and uneasy, their heads full of speculatin', goin' to do some great thing, and astonish everybody, git rich without workin' for it."

"Why, what's the matter, father?" this Mr. Dawless was a member of the junior class at Harvard, come to spend such part of his summer vacation as he said Mrs. Brown, busy mixing bread at

city, he would try our country air, and fishing, etc. I'm delighted to have him here, he is such good company. I am sure you will like him." Dick thought just the contrary, but politely refrained from saying so. What a world this would from saying so. from saying so. What a world this would be, by-the-bye, if we all said exactly what

we thought!

If Wampanoose pond had only been
Lake Anything in Switzerland, plenty of
Americans would have been miserable
until they could have crossed the sea to visit it, and write home super-adjectived letters to all the newspapers about its exquisite scenery. As it was, it reposed the year round in primitive loneliness, save when an occasional picnic party came, as now, to wake, with laugh and song, the echoes of its woodland solitude. It lay at the foot of a broken, rocky range of mountains whose pine-crested crags were vividly imaged in its clear waters. Of course it had no bottom, and was popularly supposed to be haunted by the spirit of old Wampanoose, the Indian from whom its name was derived. Then there was a tradition of bears and rattle-

snakes, just remote enough to give the zest of possible adventures to ramblings in its vicinity. In short, it was romantic, beautiful, cool; the place of places but, as far as Dick was concerned it might as well have been the desert of Sahara. When the whole company went

Sahara. When the whole company went to see the cave of old Wampanoose, it was Dawless who gallantly helped Mollie over the fallen trees and up the rocks. Dawless who quieted her alarms at supposititious bears, Dawless's button-hole that was adorned with a little bouquet of harebells and hemlock twigs, picked by Mollie's hands. When, seated around their tablesleth spread on the ground a their tablecloth spread on the ground, a deficiency in plates was discovered, so Mollie and Dawless shared one very cost-

Mollie and Dawless shared one very costly. You get so well acquainted at pionics; and then Dawless was so jolly, sang such roaring college songs, told such comic stories, every one was delighted with him. He was voted a great acquisition, and more than one girl secretly envied Mollie his attentions.

As for Dick, who had only a heart "tender and true" to oppose to his all-conquering hero's numerous fascinations, he grew glummer and glummer. When the sun shot its sunset rays down through

and said, "Shall you care, Dick, if I go home in the big wagon? It's so much jollier, and Kitty Cook says she will change with me."

"Certainly not," veraciously replied Dick, who had been "lotting" for days on this twilight drive home with Mollie. Then, as Mollie was rushing off in her usual impulsive way, "Here's your shawl, Mollie. Don't forget to put it on going home. Where's your basket?"

"Dear me. I don't know. I am sure: I

"Dear me, I don't know, I am sure; I had entirely forgotten it."
"Well, never mind. I'll find it." "Mell, never mind. I'll find it."

"Ah, what good care you always take of me, Dick !" said Mollie, half remorsefully. Dawless was too much engrossed in acting his role of bright, particular star, to think of such little attentions. Besides, he had not been in the habit of

bugings for years, as Dick had.

Kitty found Dick rather a silent comanion on the homeward drive. Perhaps e was listening to catch the snatches of

Accordingly, he soon discovered that, by fishing in Caggville was on 'Squire Brown's farm. Good-hearted, hospitable to be made the most of. Flirtation was as yet one of the undiscovered arts there. When a young man in Craggyille began "paying attentions" to a young woman it meant business. His first Sunday evening visit was the beginning of the evening visit was the beginning of the Orestus Cook's nephew was paying his attentions to Mollie Brown, and she presumed it would be an engagement. Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Robinson. Roxy Beman taking tea with Mrs. Robinson next day, that lady imparted the great intelligence to her, only by this time it had become a fact. Roxy went home, bursting with the tidings, to Dick. When Dick came in with the milk pails, Roxy met him in

the kitchen with, "Richard, what do you suppose I heard this afternoon?" "I don't know," said Dick with a strong appearance of not caring as well. Not that he was one of those men habitually cross and snappish at home to his mother and sisters. But of late the lines had fallen for him in hard, dreary places. His heart was sore and heavy within him, and he felt weary and disgusted with everything, with life itself. Roxy proceeded with all the enjoyment natural to the first imparting such an item of news. "Mrs. Robinson says that Mrs. Jones says that Mrs. Smith told her that Mollie Brown is engaged to that Mr. Dawless. I've been expecting it. You know he is there half his time. What do you think about it, Richard?"

The twilight was favorable to Dick.
Possibly that was the reason one of his milk pails hit the pantry door, deluging the kitcden floor.
"How careless you are, Richard," said Roxy, ruefully contemplating the snowy, froth-created stream, meandering across her clean floor. "Now I shall have to change my dress and mop up. I do wish

you would be a little more careful."

If Dick had been dying, Roxy would not have scolded him, nor would she now, when the best part of him, his heart and hope and courage were dying in him, had she only known. But Dick made no lim. sign. He went out to the barn, har-nessed Dandy, and drove away in the darkness, he cared not where, so he could be alone, and keep his troubles to him-

self.

One morning, not long after, Mollie, with a sunbounet tipped down over her nose, and a tin pan in her hand, was going out to pick the Lima beans for dinner. She was humming "There's music in the air," thinking what a pleasant morning this was, and what a fine place this earth was generally, when, at the door, she met her father coming in, looking much humbled at something.

"I never saw anything like the young men now-a-days," burst forth the 'souire.

men now-a-days," burst forth the 'squire, sitting down heavily, and wiping his forehead with his red bandanna. "I dun'no what we're all comin' to. When I was

such part of his summer vacation as he found agreeable with his Uncle Cook in breeze came in freshly through the morn-

had more sense. Here he's sure of one of the best farms in the county, free from mortgage, and Mr. Beman's pretty fore-handed besides; always has money to lend. I've always sot by Dick as if he was my own son, and I can't bear to have him leave."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Brown, suitably astonished. "Where's he going? When does he go?" questions Mollie wanted to ask, only an odd, fluttering, sensation in her throat wouldn't let her, as she lingered in the doorway glad of

as she ingered in the doorway glad of the sunbonnet's protection.

"Out among the Rocky Mountains somewhere, Montans, or Idaho, or Colorado, I don't know certain which," said the 'squire, who had found it difficult to keep pace with Western geography. It was all Louisiana in his school days. "He's goin' with a company from New York, and starts to-morrow mornin'."

"My how andden "said Mrs. Brown." "My, how sudden !" said Mrs. Brown.
"Won't he call and see us before he

leaves?" "I asked him. He said he'd try to." Mellie lingered no longer, but rushed into the garden, all in a maze, feeling very much as if the world had turned a summersault, and come down bottom up-ward. Craggville without Dick was a combination that had never before dawned on her mind. She had been drifting on her mind. She had been drifting along where the days had carried, with no special thought how it was all to end. Dawless's attentions had been far from disagreeable. What girl of eighteen can be wholly indifferent to a dashing, blackeyed young fellow, better dressed and more striking in appearance than any one, she had ever seen before, and, moreover, devoted to her? Mollie, being a staunch little democrat in her way, and wont to maintain that a "man's a man for 'a that," would have despised herself had she realized it, yet she was not en-tirely unaffected by Dawless's lavender neckties, wonderful hats, and gorgeous neckties, wonderful hats, and gorgeous array generally. And it was flattering to be selected by him, out of all the Craggville girls. Dawless had captivated her fancy, for the time being. She knew perfectly well that Dick was worth a dozen of him for real manliness. One he grew glummer and glummer. When the sun shot its sunset rays down through the western trees, and the recesses of the woods already began to grow dim and mysterious with darkness, and the air damp and fragrant, Mollie came to Dick and said, "Shall you care, Dick, if I go home in the big wagon? It's so much jollier, and Kitty Cook says she will chiange with me."

"Certainly not," veraciously replied Dick, who had been "Jotting" for days on this twilight drive home with Mollie. Then, as Mollie was rushing off in her usual impulsive way. "Here's your shaw!

The sun shot its sunset rays down through the western trees, and the recesses of the dozen of him for real malliness. One was show, the other was substance. She had felt Dick's growing coolness, missed him, and yet was secretly, half-unconsciously, so secure of him, that it had hardly, troubled her. She would make it right with Dick one of these days. And now she woke out of the whirl of gaiety and gratified vanity that had been her life lately, to find the solid ground giving way under her feet. She had lost Dick: What would life be without Dick? But perhaps it would all come right yet. perhaps it would all come right yet. It must. It should. Dick would call, and

must. It should. Dick would call, and then—who knew what might happen then, thought Mollie, with bright eyes and fast-beating heart, as she picked her beans. It is so easy in this world of ours to let the love, the friendship, drop carelessly from our hand—so hard to gather up the ravelled stitches, to make whole again the gap. But Mollie was fortunately two young to know this. All the afternoon Mollie sat, ostensibly sewing, by the sitting-room window that commanded a view of the front gate, with a nervous flush on her face, and little starts at every wagon wheel. All the imagine Dicks she heard driving up that afternoon, would have made quite a regiment if mustered in the flesh. Once, when she went up stairs for her appool of "50," there actually came a

discover Mollie to be rather cool and absent in manner, however, and took his departure earlier than usual.

Then Mollie sat on the doorsteps in the moonlight till 10 o'clock, in spite of Brown's farm. Good-hearted, hospitable 'Squire Brown, who liked the young fellow and his college stories, whenever he encountered him, insisted on bringing him home to tea or dinner, as the case might be. So Dick often had the pleasure of seeing Dawless domiciled on Brown's piazza of a summer evening whole warmth and hope of her life. Not with a perfectly at-home air, peculiarly aggravating. Other people also noticed his frequent presence there. Craggville was one of those small, quiet places, where anything in the way of news is a boon, to be made the most of. Flirtation was

Ten layers of birthdays on a woman's head so it happened quite naturally that Must somewhat fossilize her girliah mirth.

Mrs. Smith should tell Mrs. Jones that And make her wiser; and that, perforce, means sadder.

> What have five done for Mollie? She is sitting by a window, a book dropped in her lap, her head leaning on her hand, in her lap, her head leaning on her hand, looking out with wide open, unseeing eyes, that betoken their owner is far away from present scenes. The room where she sits is evidently not in the old farm-house. It is very high, very narrow, the unpapered walls very white and hard, with much the air of a neat prison cell, but for two or three pictures, and a few knick-knacks scattered about, that take off something of the rigid, conventtake off something of the rigid, convent-like look, and impart a touch of individ-uality to the surroundings. Through the window, which is high up in the fourth story, are seen, first, a few brick houses with square little back yards, then a wide expanse of green meadow. In the distance, a broad beautiful river, up and down which white-sailed ships are and down which white-sailed sinps are always gliding. It is that noble stream, the Delaware. The view is lovely, but, to the New Englander, not perfect. His eyes turn involuntarily to the low horizon where the sky stoops down to meet the level land, and he yearns, not witheyes turn involuntarily to the low horizon where the sky stoops down to meet the level land, and he yearns, not without a slight pang of home-sickness, for the irregular, picturesque line of mountain tops, behind which, "at home," the sun goes down.
>
> Dick, the veritable Dick. Coming on to Washington on territorial business, he had stopped at Elinor's, in Chicago. Elinor, after some judicious sounding of Dick's feelings, had given him a sufficient hint as to the probable state of Mollie's mind, to encourage his calling sun goes down.

This is Wilmington, and Mollie is established here as Miss Mary S. Brown, assistant teacher in the "Minerva Institute for Young Ladies." These five years have brought many changes to her, as years are wont to do. So many things she never thought possible have entered into her life. Sorrow and she are no longer strangers. Two years after Dick went West she lost her mother. Mollie had never realized that her mother could die. She knew death comes to all, but she always regarded it as a far-off calamity. She was wholly unprepared for the time when the willing feet, the helping hands, should lie weak and helpless, waited on by others, at last, for the darkened room, the softened footsteps, the hoping when the heart knows too well all hope is in vain; the listening, with no power to help, to the feeble gasping breath, and the awful silence—the solemn, rigid whiteness of the dear face that had never refused to smile on her before. This is Wilmington, and Mollie is es-

her before. said Rev. Mr. Thomas excelled himself— that it was a powerful discourse. Per-haps it was. Mollie was only conscious of a throng of people crowding into the privacy of her home, staring at the face which was alike indifferent to friend or stranger; of a dreary pomp and parade, of a long flow of words that did not pene-trate her grief-bewildered senses, of the going out for the last time over the famil-iar threshold. Life never looks quite ar threshold. Life never looks quite the same again after such experiences as

household responsibility, the trying to make the darkened home cheerful for found agreeable with his Uncle Cook in Craggville.

"He has studied so hard," explained Kitty, "that he has injured his health, so he thought instead of going home to the city, he would try our country air, and fishing, etc. Pm delighted to have him here, he is such good company. I am sure you will like him." Dick thought instead of going home to the city, he would try our country air, and shing, etc. Pm delighted to have him here, he is such good company. I am sure you will like him." Dick thought instead of going home to the city, he would try our country air, and shing, etc. Pm delighted to have him here, he is such good company. I am sure you will like him." Dick thought just the contrary, but politely refrained in freshly through the morning directly with a couple who have "climbed the hill together," when one is taken, the other soon follows, and they "aleep to dether at the foot." At twenty-three, Mollie found herself alone in the world, with real couple who have "climbed the hill together," when one is taken, the other soon follows, and they "aleep to gether at the foot." At twenty-three, Mollie found herself alone in the world, with a couple who have "climbed the hill together," when one is taken, the other soon follows, and they "aleep to gether at the foot." At twenty-three, Mollie found herself alone in the world, with a couple who have "climbed the hill together," when one is taken, the other soon follows, and they "aleep to gether at the foot." At twenty-three, Mollie found herself alone in the world, with real with a couple who have "climbed the hill together," when one is taken, the other soon follows, and they "aleep to gether at the foot." At twenty-three, Mollie found herself alone in the world, with a couple who have "limbed the hill together," when one is taken, the hill together," alone of what a couple who have with a couple who have "limbed the hill together," and they "alone of what a couple who have "limbed the hill together," and they sale the other soon follows, and they "alone of wh father's sake. But, as is often the case with very little money in a world where one might almost think it the one thing needful. 'Squire Brown was too easy and good natured, too willing to sign a and good natured, too willing to sign a friend's note, to leave much property. After sojourning with various relatives until tired of dependence, she had ob-tained this situation in the "Minerva In-stitute." She has known the various ex-periences expressed by the poet:

"What households, though not alien, yet not mine, What bowers of rest divine:

To what temptations in lone wildernesses What famine of the heart, what pain and

loss, The bearing of what cross!"

This little room in the fourth story of "Minerva Institute" is the truest "bower of rest" she has found, because it is her own. Here she escapes the miseries of own. Here she escapes the miseries of dependence; here, for a little while each day, at least, she is her own mistress, free to think her own thoughts, to live her own life. These hard years have marked one or two faint lines across her forehead, have sunken slightly the rounded contour of her cheek, have given rather a a sad droop to her mouth, when at rest, as now. And yet it is an attractive face, a face with character in it. Her expression now is not confident, eager, expect-ant; it is peaceful, and yet bright and strong. It is the face one would like in their friend, their wife.

As she sits here, she is thinking of a talk she and Elinor had, only last vacation. Her vacations are generally spent in Chicago, with Elinor. One night, when John, Senior, was safely down at the store (for even the best of husbands may be dispensed with sometimes,) and ohn, Junior, was snugly tucked away in his crib, sitting in that twilight so conducive to confidences, they had been discoursing a variety of topics, and finally, matrimony. In fact, this was a topic pretty sure to come up between Elinorand any unmarried friend. She was so happy with her John, that she could not rest easy until all her friends were equal-

She had been saying to Mollie, "I do not understand you, at all. It is a sin and a shame for you, of all people, to be vowed to single blessedness. Such a good wife as you would make some fortunate man! and then you are so alone in the would." Why couldn't you he a in the world. Why couldn't you be a trifle more civil to Mr. King, for in-stance? He is a splendid man—great friend of John's, and it would have been such a suitable match every way.'

"I did not love him. You see I am very old-fashioned in my ideas." Then, in a softened voice that trembled a little in a softened voice that trembled a little in the darkness, "The truth is, Elinor, I never cared enough for any man to marry him, but one. Once I might have had the love of a true and good heart, and I trifled it away. I did not know, until it was too late. But I daresay I shall contrive to get through the world, somehow. People generally do, I notice. Its only a little while, at the longest, and then—why then it doesn't matter much whether we have been happy here or not."

McNic had not seen Dick all these fire

Mollie had not seen Dick all these five years. She heard of him occasionally through Craggville correspondents. At first, as having a hard struggle, a hand-to-hand encounter with destiny that would have defeated any one less resolute the Dick letaly an encounter in the structure of the structur and a hasty "good-bye, Elinor," Mollie was off.

The carriage rolled lightly out of the yard; the summer breaze rustled the mapper breaze rustled th

"How few who from their youthful day, Look on what their life may be; Painting the visions of the way In colors soft, and bright, and free.

How few who to such paths have brought The hopes and dreams of early thought! For God, through ways they have not

known, Will lead his own." A knock at the door interrupts her reverie. To Mollie's "Come in," enters Dinah's comely black visage with, "Please, Miss, there's a gentleman in the parlor to see you."

"That Mr. Boody, I suppose," says
Mollie to herself with a sigh. To Dinah,
"Very well, Dinah, I will be down

presently."

Mr. Boody was a missionary recently arrived from India, in pursuit of a successor to the second Mrs. Boody. To facilita e such praiseworthy designs, he had been introduced to the whole senior class, had become, in a measure, domes-ticated at the Institute. From the first

moment of seeing Miss Brown, however, he had felt a strong leading of the spirit in her direction. This leading had man-ifested itself in desires for frequent con-versations with Sister Brown on her spiritual condition, in prolonged deten-tion of Sister Brown's hand on all occasions of arrival and departure, and in various other ways equally disagreeable to the recipient. This offering of a love that was not love, seemed to Mollie a cruel mockery in the fates. At least, she might have had peace, when that was all she asked now. So her descent to the parlor was marked by anything but fiery

impatience.
She opened the door with an air of weary indifference, lifted her eyes languidly to meet the oyster-like orbs of Mr. Boody, gave a great start, flushed crimson, turned pale, gasped, "Why, Dick!"
For this tall, manly man, with the big tawny beard and brown face, holding her impatience. two hands in his as if he would never let them go again, and gazing down at her with the old glow in his eyes was really Dick, the veritable Dick. Coming on to

Mollie's mind, to encourage his calling at Wilmington.

But Mollie, of course, knew nothing of this. Besides, after the first surprise was over, all the possibility of change in those five years of separation loomed up between them, casting a certain constraint over both. And, by the perversity of the fates, Miss Smith, another of the teachers, was also receiving a visitor in the parlor.

the parlor.
So Mollie fell to calling him Mr. Beman, and talking about the weather. A listener might have supposed the one ab-sorbing interest in the life of each had been the state of the thermometer, and that Dick had traveled two thousand miles principally to startle Miss Brown with this striking observation. "Although the summer had been cool, I think we shall have a mild, open win-

To which Miss Brown sparklingly responded:
"We are certainly having a delightful

September." -Then a dead pause. Then there was a funeral. People Finally Dick, feeling that although said Rev. Mr. Thomas excelled himself.— Miss Smith might be the worthiest of young women, yet his was one of the ochimself of her society for a while, was suddenly seized with a desire to see the heauties of Wilmington, and proposed a

walk.

The walk of walks in Wilmington is up the Brandywine. A broad, level path, raised up between the red waters of the Brandywine on one side, and on the other a deep, dark, fern-fringed moat that prosaic people would call a canal, I suppose, follows the river's windings a mile or two. Over it meet large old mile or two. Over it meet large, old trees, whose interlaced branches make it one continued alcove. It looks like pic-tures of walks in Oxford, England, only

the trees were beginning to be slightly tinged with yellow, and when the z-ring crickets were singing the direc of summer gone, down this path slowly strolled a couple, deep in tender converse utterly oblivious of all the beauties around them.

For Dick had managed to blunder out something about his long love for Mollie, and how he thought she was ranged to Dawless, and how he tried to get over it, and couldn't, and could she care for a round ald fellow like him? rough eld fellow like him?

And Mollie had cried a little. After one has made up their mind to a bleak life of self denial and single blessedness, to stumble right into bliss, is bewildering to say the least. But then she had cried on Dick's shoulder, with his arm, the strong arm that would shelter her forever more, around her, which made it rather comfortable distress, after all. So the misunderstandings and perplexities were all over, and two hearts formed for each other had found their own at last.

other had found their own at last.

About Thanksgiving time, there was a quiet wedding at Elinor's, and then Dick and Mollie went out to add one more to the New England homes in the far West. Perhaps they were all the happier that time and hard experience had matured and developed their characters, that absence had tried and strengthened their lave had trucht them how to value each love, had taught them how to value each other. Perhaps things always are "for the best," after all.

- A surgeon had occasion, lately, to

prescribe a couple of pills for an Irish-man, which were sent home in a small

box, bearing the direction, "The whole to be taken immediately." On visiting his patient afterward, the doctor expressed his surprise on learning that the desired effect had not been produced, and asked Pat's better-half if she had really given him the medicine. "Faith, that I did sur," she replied; "but may be, yer Honor, the lid hasn' come off yet!" The poor sick man had been made to swallow not only the pills but the box as well. — Last month the Intercolonial Ex-hibition opened at Australia. It seems that the United States are well repre-sented at the show, and have a special building set apart to them. The exhibition is exciting great interest in Austra-lia, and doubtless those manufacturers and others in this country who contributed to it will gain handsomely by their enterprise. It will be remembered that one of the most surprising and interesting departments of our International Exhi-bition at Philadelphia. bition at Philadelphia was filled with the products of Australia.

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Apropos of Zach Chandler's late visit to Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, some one writes:

If the river Susquehanna were only filled with rye, Twould go hard with Zachariah, but he'd drink that river dry.

— A promise should be given with caution and observed with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promis is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection.

- An Irishman, who had been sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered; but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh, no, yer Riverance, it was meetin' the other chap that I was afeard uv !" replied Pat.

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